

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Courper.*

Vol. 7.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1875.

No. 11.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE  
Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

### TERMS:

\$1.00 per annum, in advance. Postage FREE to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, . . . . .	\$100 00	Associate Annual, . . .	\$5 00
Associate Life, . . . . .	50 00	Children's, . . . . .	1 00
Active Annual, . . . . .	10 00	Branch, . . . . .	1 00

All Members receive "Our Dumb Animals" free, and all Publications of the Society.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, . . . . . President.  
GREELY S. CURTIS, . . . . . Treasurer.  
FRANK B. FAY, . . . . . Secretary.  
CHARLES A. CURRIER, . . . . . Special Agent.

### OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

46 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

### Our Dumb Relations.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was said of St. Francis of Assissi, that he had attained, through the fervor of his love, the secret of that deep amity with God and his creation, which, in the language of inspiration, makes man to be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field to be at peace with him. The world has never been without tender souls with whom the golden rule has a broader application than its letter might seem to warrant. The ancient Eastern seers recognized the rights of the brute creation, and regarded the unnecessary taking of the life of the humblest and meanest as a sin; and in almost all the old religions of the world, there are legends of saints, in the depth of whose peace with God and nature, all life was sacredly regarded as the priceless gift of heaven, and who were thus enabled to dwell safely amidst lions and serpents.

It is creditable to human nature, and its unperverted instincts, that stories and anecdotes of

reciprocal kindness and affection between men and animals, are always listened to with interest and approval. How pleasant to think of the Arab and his horse, whose friendship has been celebrated in song and romance? Of Vogelwied, the Minnesinger, and his bequest to the birds. Of the English Quaker, visited, wherever he went, by flocks of birds, who with cries of joy alighted on his broad-brimmed hat, and his drab coat-sleeves? Of old Samuel Johnson, when half-blind and infirm, groping abroad of an evening for oysters for his cat? Of Walter Scott, and John Brown of Edinburgh, and their dogs? Of our own Thoreau, instinctively recognized by bird and beast as a friend? Emerson says of him: "His intimacy with animals, suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler, the apologist, that either he had told the bees things, or the bees had told him. Snakes coiled round his legs; the fishes swam into his hand; he pulled the woodchuck out of his hole by his tail, and took foxes under his protection from the hunters."

In the greatest of the ancient Hindoo poems—the sacred book of the Mahabharata—there is a passage of exceptional beauty and tenderness, which records the reception of King Yudishthira at the gate of Paradise. A pilgrim to the heavenly city, the king had travelled over vast spaces, and, one by one, the loved ones, the companions of his journey, had all fallen and left him alone, save his faithful dog, which still followed him. He was met by Indra, and invited to enter the holy city. But the king thinks of his friends who have fallen on the way, and declines to go in without them. The god tells him they are all within waiting for him. Joyful, he is about to seek them, when he looks upon the poor dog, who, weary and wasted, crouches at his feet, and asks that he, too, may enter the gate. Indra refuses, and thereupon the king declares that to abandon his faithful dumb friend would be as great a sin as to kill a Brahmin. "Away with that felicity whose price is to abandon the faithful!

Never, come weal or woe, will I leave you faithful dog. The poor creature, in fear and distress, has trusted in my power to save him;  
Not, therefore, for life itself, will I break my plighted word."

In full sight of heaven, he chooses to go to hell with his dog, and straightway descends thither. But his virtue and faithfulness change hell into heaven, and he finds himself surrounded by his old friends, and in the presence of the gods, who thus honor and reward his humanity and unselfish love.

### The Bird and the Bamboo.

Nearly one thousand years ago a little female bird flew into the Mikado's garden, holding in her bill a very small seed, which she tried to bury in the ground. The Mikado wished to know what kind of seed it was, so he ordered a girl to get it from the ground, but every time she approached it the bird suddenly flew down and took the seed in her bill and carried it away. As soon, however, as the girl disappeared, the bird returned and again buried the seed. The Mikado gave very strict orders that no one should touch it.

Just one month after the day on which the bird first visited the Mikado's garden, he found on the spot where the seed had been buried, a plant having a pair of small green leaves, different from any he had ever seen before. The bird now came to the plant, and sang joyfully, and plucked out her feathers and placed them around it, to protect it; and, no matter what the weather was, she daily visited the plant.

About this time a great many curious and useful things were imported from China, such as books, pens, bows and arrows, junks, etc. The Mikado thought it very probable that the bird came from China, as when he first saw her flying she was coming from the west.

By the Mikado's order the new plant was carefully tended and watched, because he thought it might some time become very useful to the Japanese. When it had grown about twenty inches high a single Chinese letter was discovered on the stem, and two letters were also found on the same stem to the right of it. These letters spelled the work "Ta-ke," which the Mikado decided was the name of the plant. "Ta-ke" is the word that is translated into English as *bamboo*.—Translated from the Japanese for the "Commonwealth."

CRUELTY.—Two men, old enough to know better, drove in a pung to Maverick Square, opposite our office, on Thursday, and selecting the most sightly position for the purpose opened a bag, from which jumped a large white cat; putting whip to the horse they drove the pung directly over the animal, and although it remained on the snow some minutes, they were too heartless to see what injury they had done. This would have been a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to investigate.—*East Boston Advocate.*

*As You Grow Old, Grow Kind.*

Gen. M— informed us that he was challenged, not long since, to bring down a sparrow from the vane of the old court house, and not liking to back down, thought he would trust his old rifle just this once again, so drawing a bead on the bird he put a bullet through it. This, for an old man in his eighty-first year, is good. He has fired at martins seven years in succession, and brought down the first six, but missed the one he shot at last spring. And this banter for him to try his hand on the smaller bird, which he was successful in hitting, stands him on his feet again as the champion shootist of Pike County.

Now we never could, in our heart, approve of the general and promiscuous destruction of birds. There are scarcely any but what do more good to the farmer than harm. Even hawks and owls, which sometimes come into the poultry-yard and take away a few chickens, destroy vermin which do the farmer very great harm. But such birds as the robin, and several other species which are found in this section of the country, and indeed every section of the United States, do the farmer great service in destroying insects, and ought not to be destroyed, but encouraged to propagate their young in our gardens and fields. Even the black-birds and crows do more real good than harm, yet almost every man's and boy's hand and gun are raised against their peace and comfort. These things should not be. Yet, while we are merciful to the birds above mentioned, we would not have the little martin indiscriminately slain. General M— says they destroy his bees, and he is a great bee-raiser. Yet that is not the reason why he knocks one off of the court house vane each year. The General is an octogenarian; he has been in this county nearly if not quite sixty years, and was distinguished in his younger days as a capital shot. He likes to fight his battles o'er again; to dwell on the pleasant remembrances of his earlier life, and it is not strange that he hugs his old rifle, which brings him in memory back to the halcyon days of his manhood, when he prided himself on bringing down every piece of game which he pointed his trusted rifle at.—*Pike Co. Republican.*

General M— ought to be old enough to know that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of the Heavenly Father. We like old people, and have always respected them, and their whims, as far as possible. We like to hear them talk of other days. But we also like to see them, as they near the other shore, grow better and more merciful and kind. Perhaps we are too fond of the birds, their beautiful plumage, happy lives and heavenly songs. We grew up in the woods among the birds, and we will defend them to the last.—*Jackson (Ohio) Standard.*

*The Foot of a Horse.*

The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom, and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's foot? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, and nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper, and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet, about four thousand, and all this is contrived, not only for the convenience of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

I THINK we cannot too strongly attack superstition, which is the disturber of society, nor too highly respect genuine religion, which is the support of it.—*Rousseau.*

*The World is what we Make It.*

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

I've seen some people in this life  
Who always are repining,  
Who never, never yet could see  
The storm-cloud's silver lining.  
There always something is amiss,  
From sunrise to its setting;  
That God's hand made their map of life,  
They seem the while forgetting.

And I have seen a blessed sight  
To sin-beclouded vision,  
Some people who, where'er they be,  
Make earth seem an Elysian.  
They always see the brightest side—  
The direful shadows never—  
And keep the flower of hope in bloom  
Within their hearts forever.

The one can make the sunniest day  
Seem wondrous sad and dreary;  
The other smiles the clouds away,  
And makes a dark day cheery.  
This life of ours is, after all,  
About as we shall make it;  
If we can vanquish grief and care,  
Let's haste to undertake it.

*Pepper, Tom and Tarry.*

"I am a marine engineer, and during one of my Mediterranean trips I brought home a canary, a perfect gem of a whistler, who warbles from early morn to dewy eve. I have also a Scotch terrier dog called Pepper, and a cat dignified by the name of Tom. Since the addition of the canary to my household, Tom has cast many a longing, lingering look at him, which boded no good, and aroused serious apprehensions for the warbler's safety. About a fortnight ago, and as is my custom in the morning, I went to the kitchen where the cage hangs, when, to my horror, I discovered it empty; the door of it, which was never perfectly secure, being open. The canary was not visible; but Tom was seated on the dresser in an excited-looking state, as if he had done the bloody deed, of which no trace was observable. On looking around, fancy my astonishment and joy at beholding Pepper lying on all-fours, with his mouth gently covering the canary, with just sufficient resistance to keep it from fluttering off, while his eyes were fixed with intensity on every motion made by Tom. Such sagacity on the part of the terrier was touching in the extreme, and the satisfaction with which he yielded up to me his feathery charge spoke volumes."—*Figaro.*

We can readily credit the above, having had a case quite similar. Some time ago, taking a fancy to a young pure white guinea-pig, he was put in a box and taken into the house, the box being covered with slats. It had no sooner been put in the house when a rat terrier we had was exceedingly anxious to get at it, as he would had it been a rat; but after a long persuasion he finally learned to understand that he must not touch it, and soon came to regard it as a pet, and not a rat, and from that time became its guardian. A few days afterwards, when the family were seated in the room, the Maltese cat jumped on the box, but with no intention of taking the pig; but the dog, seeing the cat jump on the box, crossed the room like a flash. The cat, wondering what had got into her friend, the dog, left equally as quick, and ever after that gave the guinea-pig a wide berth. At any other time, or in any other place, the dog and cat were perfect friends, but he gave her plainly to understand that he could not, and she should not, have the pig. No human being could have understood the situation any better than the little dog, Tarry.—*Fanciers' Journal.*

ONE thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

*Vivisection.*

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

I venture to record a little of my own experience in the matter, part of which was gained as an assistant in the laboratory of one of the greatest living experimental physiologists. In that laboratory we sacrificed daily from one to three dogs, besides rabbits and other animals. . . . I think the saddest sight I ever witnessed was when the dogs were brought up from the cellar to the laboratory for sacrifice. Instead of appearing pleased with the change from darkness to light, they seemed seized with horror as soon as they smelt the air of the place, divining apparently their approaching fate. They would make friendly advances to each of the three or four persons present, and, as far as eyes, ears, and tail could make a mute appeal for mercy eloquent, they tried it in vain. Even when roughly grasped and thrown on the torture trough, a low, complaining whine at such treatment would be all the protest made, and they would continue to lick the hand which bound them, till their mouths were fixed in the gag, and they could only flap their tails in the trough as their last means of exciting compassion. Often, when convulsed by the pain of their torture, this would be renewed, and they would be soothed instantly on receiving a few gentle pats. It was all the aid or comfort I could give them, and I gave it often. They seemed to take it as an earnest of fellow-feeling that would cause their torture to come to an end—an end only brought by death. . . . At times, when an animal had endured great pain for hours without struggling or giving more than an occasional low whine, instead of letting the poor mangled wretch loose, to crawl painfully about the place in reserve for another day's torture, it would receive pity so far that it would be said to have behaved well enough to merit death; and as a reward would be killed at once by breaking up the medulla with a needle, or "pithing," as this operation is called. I have often heard the professor say, when one side of an animal had become so mangled, and the tissues so obscured by clotted blood, that it was difficult to find the part searched for, "Why don't you begin on the other side?" or, "Why don't you take another dog? What is the use of being so economical?" One of the most revolting features in the laboratory was the custom of giving an animal on which the professor had completed his experiment, and which had still some life left, to the assistants to practice the finding of arteries, nerves, etc., in the living animal, or performing what is called fundamental experiments upon it—in other words repeating those which are recommended in the laboratory hand-books. . . . —*London Echo.*

In all good things, give the eye and ear full scope, for they let into the mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a spender; few men have repented of silence.

*Try This Way.*

A beautiful and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, or any person to handle his feet. In attempting to shoe such a horse, recently, he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plough, where he might walk barefoot, when an officer in our service, lately returned from Mexico, took a cord about the size of a common bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head and commanded him to follow, and instantly he obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a dog, suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, and acting in all respects like an old stager.



*Sparrows Rule the Roost.*

In an article on the "European Sparrow," in your paper, the writer says: "They never molest or try to drive away any birds." For many years past the house-martin has had a large colony in the crevices of the cornice of the Whiting Opera House in this city. The sparrows came here a few years since, and have rapidly increased. Some months ago they made a combined attack upon the martins, and, after a conflict of several days, succeeded in driving the latter from their home. The morning seemed to be the usual battling hour. It was quite a curious sight to witness the war, and for several days most of the loafers and idle "drift-wood" of the city gathered on that corner, to the relief of the neighboring streets. The sparrows seemed to have a concerted plan of attack, while the invaded had no unity of action or defence. A martin could easily defeat a single sparrow, but when a couple of the antagonists "clinked" and fell to the ground, a half dozen or more sparrows would attack the martin at once, while the other martins would fly and wheel about aimlessly. A dozen duels of this kind could be witnessed at once. The sparrows now "rule the roost." The martins seem to have deserted the city; I have not seen one since.—*E. R. Wilson, in American Sportsman, Syracuse, N. Y.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Dropping Cats in the Street.*

"I had a pretty little kitten awhile ago," remarked a lady friend of mine. "It was real cunning. I wanted to keep her; but we had no place for her, as we lived up stairs, and we could not keep a cat there."

"So," said I, "what did you do with it, kill it?" "Kill it?" "O, no, the pretty little creature! I couldn't kill it, so my husband took the little thing and dropped it in the street." Now this woman evidently thought that she had done the kitten a favor by sparing its life; and, instead of putting it to rest at once, she "dropped" it in the crowded streets of Boston, to be crushed under horses' feet or maimed by dogs, or worse than all, found by rough boys and cruelly tortured. She may possibly have been picked up by some kind person and cared for, but in such a city there is little chance of life for a poor stray kitten.

Now, friends, if you have a cat and cannot keep it, try first to find a good, kind home for it; if you don't succeed in that, *kill it*; never trust the animal to boys to put to death; they will probably slowly drown it, or practise some other thoughtless act of cruelty upon it.

"Don't want to take so much trouble just for a cat?" Then you are not fit to own one; but if you do have a cat, take good care of it, and by all means never "drop" it. MAGGIE.

[Communicated.]

*All Classes Have Sympathy.*

On St. Patrick's day, a young woman, following the procession, stepped up to a half drunken man, who was abusing his horse, and called out, "Ay, me boy, stop that now, or ye'll repent it." The man gave her a surly look, which seemed to say, mind your own business, at which, she continued, in a resolute voice, "I'll be after seeing that ye don't bate the poor crather."

Now is it not a sign of progress when our domestics become thus interested in the welfare of animals.

In the case above stated, the young woman lived in a family where OUR DUMB ANIMALS is read, and its merits duly discussed. L. B. U.

It has been said that horses are almost human, and any man who has had any experience with them knows that they require comfortable quarters to keep them in good order and good spirits just as much as men do.

*The First Robin.*

Hark! Is it Spring?  
I waked, and heard a robin sing:  
Only a shower of silvery notes, that dropped  
In tremulous outpouring, and then stopped;  
While from a window nigh  
I saw a little singer flitting by,  
As scornful to retreat,  
Although the sullen winds that moaned and beat,  
Had frozen the tears of April, as they fell, to sleet.

With steadfast claim,  
This messenger of gladness came  
To welcome with joy the tardy Spring;  
And, from the winter's cold farewell to bring  
One measure of delight;  
Foretelling miracles of sound and sight;  
Of south winds blowing strong,  
When the white appleblossoms drift along,  
And for this one faint lay, the whole world steeped in song.

O! Robin, you  
In your belief, are strong and true;  
By storms undaunted, with your notes of cheer,  
You sing, and we grow blither as we hear;  
Till, echoing your content,  
With larger faith, we lift our heads low bent,  
And by past sorrows know  
What may have seemed life's desolating snow,  
Only prepares the soul for Summer's flowers to grow.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*She Hid Them.*

As it was difficult to find homes for all the little ones of "mother's cat," we seldom left her but two to tend till they were old enough to be given away. On one occasion she evidently meant to keep them all, for the children had searched in vain for several days to find the little family, kitty apparently eager in the search, but would never lead them to the spot. One morning after the children had gone to school, I was working in my flower-garden, when kitty came and leaped upon my shoulder, and put her head against my face, as she was in the habit of doing when she wanted to attract my attention. I said, "What is it, kitty?" She was satisfied, jumped down, and went a little way towards the barn, then came back, pulled at my sleeve, and started again. I followed her. She would run a little way ahead, and then wait till I came up. When she reached the barn, she ran up the stairs, then turned and looked back to see if I was coming. When she saw that I was near, she ran across the barn chamber, jumped upon some hay, and took her position till I came up, when she set vigorously to work to pull away the hay which covered her four little kittens, which she had been hiding away from the children, by covering them with the hay whenever she left them. MRS. R. M. C.

[Communicated.]

*Performing Animals.*

Many exhibitions of performing animals are founded on cruelty, the trained canary birds living only two years, as one of their trainers has stated. The eyes of performing white mice are sometimes put out before teaching them their tricks. Those who practice legerdemain stow away animals in the smallest places till almost suffocated.

WHEN the bell of St. Marks in Venice begins to clang out the hour of noon, not a pigeon can be seen; before the bell ceases the air will be black, and doves by the hundred fly to the windows on the square where they are daily fed. On Sunday no grain is given. The old bell jars out twelve o'clock, but no birds appear. They can count—they know when Sunday comes.—*Boston Journal.*

*Check Reins.*

The Bristol (Eng.) Society has issued a circular with the following statement from a man of large experience:—

"In these improving times, I am pleased to see that many persons have discovered the unnecessary use of the tormenting bearing rein. Coachmen are convinced it is fatiguing, and a hindrance to horses in putting forth their strength, especially in ascending hills, when they naturally require all their power, the free use of the head assisting them with a heavy load. I have seen the corners of their mouths cut through and become inflamed from the friction of the bit, in their efforts to get on with a tight head rein; while others, especially many poor cab and omnibus horses, have swollen and sore mouths, indicating the misery they endure from a misfitting, uneasy bit, which is often unnoticed and disregarded by master or driver! My friends, if you wish your horses to get on, do not hold them so tight in hand; give a long rein and then see with how much greater ease, comfort, and safety, they go; for should they by chance slip, they will not fall, having the power to recover themselves by the looseness of the rein, as a man would do by extending his arms—let your horse see his road, and he will avoid all things in his way, do his work better, and with less fatigue to himself—try it. I have had more than forty years' experience of the bearing rein, and have never found it of much use—it fidgets a horse, spoils his temper, exhausts his wind, shortens his step, and is often the cause of his falling; the rein, with the sharp bit and curb, sometimes makes them restive and run away! Many horses suffer greatly in the throat and withers by their heads being so forced from their natural position—this many men are unconscious of, or I am sure they would give the noble animals relief while standing in pain for so many hours together. Without these annoying reins, a horse will sooner recover his breath, and enjoy relaxation and comfort at every stoppage.

*Bird-houses.*

Next to the law, the most important measure for the protection of birds is the putting up of accommodations for them, and thus inducing them to settle on our estates. There is no reason why every one who has a half-acre of land should not have two or three pairs of birds nesting thereon. Perhaps many do not realize what simple accommodations swallows, bluebirds, wrens, and other birds, are eager to avail themselves of. Simple and inexpensive arrangements are just as satisfactory to them as the most elegant and costly ornamental houses; and no one need be prevented by the fear of expense from furnishing dwelling-places, rent free, to these interesting tenants. With a few simple tools and a box or two which any grocer will give you, a bird-house may be made of almost any size or shape desired.

Then how interesting to watch the housekeeping arrangements of these beautiful little neighbors; to hear their welcome song when winter seemed still with us; to hear them debate the situation, and finally decide in favor of our apple-tree; to see them carrying up grasses and cotton and feathers, and weaving them together into a bed of down for the protection of their early-laid eggs; to watch their love-making, and all their gentle, affectionate ways towards each other; their jealousy of intruders, and their solicitous care of their eggs during the period of incubation; their final joy when the young break the shells, and are born to the light; and their untiring devotion in obtaining choice bits of insect-food for the nourishment of their offspring. Truly here is beauty at our door-yard, and poetry has taken up her abode in our apple-tree.—*Journal of the Farm.*

DISTRUST is the death of the soul; belief is its life.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, April, 1875.

## Annual Election.

At the annual meeting of the Society, held March 30, the following persons were unanimously elected directors:—

Geo. T. Angell.	Sam'l E. Sawyer.
Russell Sturgis, Jr.	G. J. F. Bryant.
D. D. Slade.	W. H. Baldwin.
George Noyes.	Henry S. Washburn.
Thomas Conery.	Abraham Firth.
Wm. G. Weld.	John B. Taft.
Mrs. Wm. Appleton.	Greely S. Curtis.
Mrs. J. C. Johnson.	Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb.
Miss Ann Wigglesworth.	Mrs. John Lowell.
Miss Alice M. Wellington.	Mrs. Joseph Lasigi.
Mrs. C. D. Homans.	Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney.
Miss Florence Lyman.	Mrs. John L. Roberts.
Henry S. Russell.	Mrs. Emily F. Newhall.
Gardner Chilson.	J. Murray Forbes.
C. L. Heywood.	Wm. Howell Reed.
Henry P. Kidder.	Frank B. Fay.

The Secretary read his annual report, and in the absence of the Treasurer from the State, submitted a partial financial statement. (See other columns.)

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, the following officers were chosen:—

President, . . . .	GEO. T. ANGELL.
Treasurer, . . . .	GREELY S. CURTIS.
Secretary, . . . .	FRANK B. FAY.

## Animals' Right to Enjoyment.

A gentleman, in sending a generous donation to our society, recently, says:

"Infinite Benevolence never could have endowed matter with a sense of feeling except for the purposes of enjoyment on the part of every individual thing or animal so endowed co-extensively with such endowment. I therefore bid you 'Godspeed' in your most excellent work."

## Use Wooden Forks.

One of our thoughtful members tells us that he never allows steel forks to be used in his horse-stable. He is satisfied that many horses have been injured and probably spoiled by the careless use of these forks in shaking up the bedding and clearing up the stall. Hostlers are not always careful or even-tempered, and will sometimes use the fork as an instrument for punishment. Therefore our friend, as a protective measure, substitutes wooden forks for stable use, and says they answer all purposes.

## Look to Your Axles.

How many horses suffer by the want of attention to the axles of carts and wagons. We often see the wheels running at an angle ten or fifteen degrees "out of true," the teamster seeming not to realize how much this increases the burden. If the wheel will only revolve, it seems all that is needed by the thoughtless driver. Then, again, want of care in greasing the wheels, is another source of unnecessary labor for the horses. It is only fair that while we require reasonable labor from our animals, we shall grant them reasonable facilities for doing it.

## Calf-Bleeding must be Stopped.

Prosecutions have been commenced by us at Brighton, and the butchers were convicted; but in consideration of the fact that the custom has prevailed for a long time, the court imposed a light sentence. The judge, however, warned the defendants that this penalty must not be taken as a criterion for his future action. He felt it was an unnecessary cruelty, and it must cease, or a severe fine would follow.

We urgently call upon all our country agents to prosecute every violation in their midst. Now is the season for action.

## Prosecuting a Clergyman.

Some criticism has been made of our agents because they prosecuted a "poor clergyman." Now, while we do not understand that clergymen are exempt from the operation of the law, if they are cruel, we will say we do not intend to persecute any man, rich or poor. But the defendant referred to, while he was once a clergyman, is not now, and probably will not be at present!

He kept his horses in a very unsuitable place. Our agent notified him to repair it, or he would be prosecuted. The window and door had been left open during the winter, and the snow blew in constantly. Three days were allowed him to repair it. He had the lumber, and three hours' work would have done it. He refused, was prosecuted, and after a five hours' trial (he having hired a lawyer and paid him in advance), he was convicted. He appealed. But before the trial in the upper court, having repaired his barn, our agent consented to waive the fine, and he was let off on payment of costs. So the Society received nothing, but spent a good deal of time.

This man kept an apothecary shop, was postmaster, and was said to be engaged in building. He may have been a poor man, and our agent treated him as such by waiving his fine; but we cannot feel that he was harshly treated, or that he was more deserving of sympathy than his horses.

## Corrections.

In our report of Fair last month: "Worcester county table," among contributing towns, "Winchester" appears—which should have read Wincendon.

Wilmington was also omitted as a contributing town in Middlesex County.

## Trained Animals.

*Agents take notice.*—We understand that a so-called magician, who is exhibiting in this State, with a trained dog, recently beat the dog so severely, in a neighboring town, that a police officer had to interfere. We hope our agents will be on the look-out for this fellow, and if he comes into their vicinity, and continues his cruelty, will have him arrested. We have been unable to find him since we learned of the cruelty.

THE Roman Society for the protection of animals commenced a monthly *Bollettino*, or magazine, in Italian, March 1. The first number contains an article on the object of the society; on the owl, and the persecutions it suffers; on the international congress of kindred societies at London, 1874; a letter from the Pres. Count Torelli to Prof. Mantegazza; and various other matters.

## Secretary's Annual Report.

We deem it less important to make an extended report at our annual meeting, from the fact that from month to month our paper informs our members of our proceedings, and a repetition here seems unnecessary. But, following the custom in other organizations, we will make a brief comment on what we have done and what we desire to do.

Our thirty-nine articles of faith briefly state our purposes, and under these several heads we can state what has been accomplished, and the necessity for further effort.

Our work is one of education as well as prosecution; and if any one judges of the amount of work done by the number of prosecutions, he will be led into an error. "Prevention first" is our motto; and if prevention can be gained *only* by the law, then we resort to that. Our experience teaches us that much of the cruelty to animals comes from ignorance of the rights of animals and ignorance of the best interests of the owner. Unfortunately, most of the cruelty is found among those of least general knowledge and least ability to pay a fine, and yet most dependent upon the best service of the animal they abuse. The law must be used as an educator as well as the paper and the essay.

But we must not confine our educational efforts to adults. We endeavor to reach the young, to cultivate gentleness and kindness in children, so that the next generation will exhibit less need of societies like ours. And yet, perhaps, this is too hopeful a view of the case; for with our churches and schools, courts and police, and hundreds of societies seeking to reform the people, we do not find that there is less need of such institutions than half a century ago. So that, as societies for the protection of animals have had but nine years' growth in this country, we must expect some need for their continuance while most of us remain to work for them.

But because we cannot stop all cruelty, it does not lessen our obligation to use our best efforts to lessen it. This we know we accomplish, whether the public know it or not. We may well say to the people, "What's *done* you partly may compute, but know not what's"—prevented.

We think the most casual observer will have noticed the change in the treatment of animals in the streets, and also the improved character of the animals used. And there is a still greater change in the treatment that ladies and gentlemen receive from teamsters with whom they remonstrate. The word "Society," and a pencil to record the number of the team, generally insures civility to the complainant, and no further abuse of the animal.

This refers more particularly to the first article in our code—"to stop the beating of animals."

"Overloading" is an abuse that is more difficult to prevent, because more difficult to prove. What is an overload for one horse is a light load for another, and much depends upon the health, weight, strength and condition of the animal at the particular time, as well as upon the condition of the streets, so that we have less success in this than in other directions.

The courts instruct us that we must prove *injury to the animal*. They say, men often exert



themselves to the utmost limit of their strength, and even try to lift or carry what they are unable to accomplish, but that a night's rest restores them. And the teamster whom we prosecute for overloading will prove that his horse ate his usual amount of grain at night or the next morning, and does not appear lame or sick. And this is where we are met in the matter of overloaded horse-cars. We cannot *prove the injury*. We know that horses wear out sooner in this work than in any other, but the injury to a particular pair of horses at a particular time we cannot often prove.

The road managers claim that they do not desire the cars to be overloaded, and that it is the fault of the public. To test the matter, we went before the legislature and asked for a law limiting the number of passengers, but we were refused. The roads did not *openly* oppose us. We cannot say what influence they secretly used.

If we find lame, sick or galled horses, or if the drivers misuse them, we prosecute; but we must trust to improved public sentiment, a better law, or to some improved motive-power, to relieve much of the cruelty of overloaded horse-cars.

"Overdriving" is greatly checked, and livery-stable keepers hold it up to their customers as a constant warning.

"Underfeeding" is difficult to establish, as we must prove a negative. It is almost impossible to find witnesses who are so constantly with the animals as to testify positively that they are *not* fed, and our agents have no right to enter a locked stable without a search-warrant, which is not easily obtained. But warnings usually accomplish the desired object in this matter. And we ought to say we find less of this in the city than in the country, and there our agents are not always as prompt to act.

"Driving galled animals" is lessened very much, but needs constant watchfulness, and "tying calves legs" is nearly abandoned, and racks are substituted.

"Cruel railroad transportation" has not ceased, we regret to say, and this is one of the greatest evils we have to contend with. But we know that we have lessened the evil. First, we obtained a law in our own State, and helped to secure such in other States. We then secured the introduction into Congress of a bill, prepared by Chief Justice Bigelow, to cover this ground. Our secretary appeared before the Congressional committee, and, after distributing documents to all members of Congress, and corresponding with many of them for two years, the law was secured. This limits the number of hours during which cattle may be confined without food and water. We then employed an active agent to travel on stock trains between Boston and Chicago for several months, warning the various parties interested, and pointing out opportunities for preventing delays. We also have our agents frequently at the receiving stations here, to discover existing evils. Among them is the mixing of small and large stock in the same car; for instance, cattle, calves and sheep, by which the latter are trampled to death. By interviews and correspondence with the railroad authorities, we have secured the issuing of orders from headquarters forbidding this practice, and we hope it will cease. Another method of

lessening this evil is the use of compartment cars, in which the animal can have food, water and rest. We encourage the introduction of these, but the corporations do not find encouragement from the drovers, and of course will be glad to avoid the expenditure. Refrigerator cars are also being introduced, and they will contribute to the same result.

*Dog-fights* seem to be effectually checked. We have driven Harry Jennings and Tom Thornton, two noted dog-fighters, out of the State; the first to avoid a warrant which we hold over him, and the latter on bail, after conviction. He has just been delivered up by his bail, and will soon be sentenced.

"*Vivisection*," without anesthetics, we fear, we have not checked, and we have work to do in this direction.

We are constantly advocating "*better roads and pavements*," as relieving animals, and are constantly appealing to our superintendent of streets to repair defective places, and to groove smooth crossings on which horses have no foothold.

To secure "*better methods of slaughtering*," and the more humane killing of all animals, we invited Dr. Slade to prepare an essay on this subject, which we have published and distributed to the butchers of the State, and to thousands of other persons.

To secure the *speedy killing of disabled horses* in our streets, we have placed in every police station a hammer and hood, with instructions where to strike. One blow, properly struck, will kill an animal, when six or seven are often struck when improperly done. Our agents are constantly called upon to kill pet animals with chloroform, where the owners are unwilling to have them suffer from the ordinary methods of killing.

To secure "*better methods of horseshoeing*," we have sent a valuable essay by the best veterinary in England, to all the blacksmiths in the State. This is in the interest of humanity, for hundreds of horses suffer exceedingly, and are often ruined by the ignorance of farriers.

Through the efforts of this society nearly all the *drinking-fountains* in Boston have been introduced; and to further extend this blessing we procured the passage of a law authorizing towns to maintain drinking-troughs on their highways, and by the efforts of our agents many have been introduced. This has induced many individuals to locate them on their own land for public convenience, and this again has reminded them and others to provide better conveniences for their own stock on their own premises.

In the educational department, *we have offered prizes* in all the public schools of the State, for the best compositions on kindness to animals, and some thousands of these were written. This not only induced an interest in the children who wrote, but in their parents and friends, and in the teachers. We send our paper to many teachers, some of whom are accustomed to select reading lessons from it, thus keeping the subject constantly before the pupils.

We have made *appeals to clergymen*, not only by distributing documents to them, but Mr. Angell has sought opportunities to make addresses

(Continued on page 88.)

## CASES INVESTIGATED

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN MARCH.

Whole number of complaints, 119; viz., Overloading, 9; beating, 16; driving when lame and galled, 30; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 14; driving when diseased, 1; torturing, 13; cruelty in transportation, 3; general cruelty, 33. Remedied without prosecution, 38; letters of warning issued, 18; not substantiated, 29; not found, 3; under investigation, 10; prosecuted, 21; convicted, 18; pending, 1.

Animals killed, 21; temporarily taken from work, 26.

## FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Wrentham, \$5; Falmouth, \$5. District Courts.—Central Worcester, \$10; Second Southern Worcester, \$5; E. Norfolk, \$5. Police Courts.—Gloucester (2 cases), \$20. Municipal Courts.—Boston (4 cases), \$35; (paid at Jail, \$5), E. Boston District Court, \$10; S. Boston District, \$1. Witness fees, \$11.40.

## RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Stephen Salisbury, Jr., \$100; D. H. Blanchard, \$50; S. M. Hale, \$40; J. H. Wolcott, \$20; Lucy Shaw, \$15.

## TEN DOLLARS EACH.

J. C. Burrage, H. N. Gridley, John Collamore, A. M. Howland, George Sampson, Mrs. H. G. Rice, Wendell Phillips, Otis E. Weld, James P. Thordike, Mrs. Walter Farnsworth, J. J. Williams, Mrs. E. B. Bigelow, Mrs. B. F. Sturtevant, Misses Quincy, Mrs. Dio Lewis, Eliza B. Leonard, Edward Whitney, Alfred Hosmer, Edward Cunningham, Rebecca Conant, Mrs. Edward Frothingham, Elizabeth S. Morton, Mrs. F. M. Payson, L. Thompson, Mrs. Wm. H. Brown, Mrs. M. O. Johnson, M. A. Wilson, L. Saltonstall, W. C. B. Ffield, James Wright, Mrs. A. B. Hall, Mrs. A. Adams, Geo. Faulkner, Mrs. Geo. Faulkner, Mrs. Thomas Cole.

## FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Wm. Troup, S. G. Simpkins, M. B. Heath, John C. Ropes, Francis H. Gray, Mrs. K. Gibson, C. W. Loring, Isaac Livermore, C. J. Sprague, Edward S. Moseley, James F. Edmunds, James Adams, George F. Farley, W. C. Gannett, William Endicott, A. C. Mayhew, H. B. Merriman, Addison Gilbert, Rhodes, Ripley & Co., Francis Minot, P. W. S. Canfield, C. Meriam, H. Meriam, C. E. Codman, Wm. W. Warren, John G. Hall & Co., A. J. Wilkinson, Mary C. Tolman, Davis Brothers & Co., Mrs. B. Welles, Susan L. White, M. E. C. White, John Richardson, H. S. Grew, W. H. Wood, Geo. D. Oxnard, Mrs. Geo. D. Oxnard, Mrs. P. S. Crowell, "Johnny," Mrs. Samuel E. Sawyer, Mrs. Geo. L. Davis, E. Lamson Perkins, C. L. Donnellson, Kitty White, Francis W. Welch, Mrs. S. B. Barrell, Mary A. Clark, Adella Clark, M. P. Codman, Robert Wood, S. H. Blanchard, S. H. Hussey, Susan Taft, Isaac Stebbins, Mrs. J. G. Mackintosh, Charles F. Curtis, Charles F. Bradford, Edwin Sibley, John A. Lewis, Mrs. R. W. Emerson, Mrs. B. Whitwell, Abraham Firsh, Roger H. Leavitt, Wm. Dailey & Son, Arthur T. Lyman, Lydia R. Swain, Wm. J. Foster, Mrs. B. D. Greene, W. B. Foadick, Mrs. C. T. White, C. F. Woodman, C. M. Lamson, Mrs. E. H. Flint, A. W. Lamson, Mrs. Stephen Hathaway, John G. Hathaway, Ellen K. Stone, Mrs. W. Gray, Mrs. Edwin W. Gay, Seth Bemis, James Ellison, James H. Ellison, S. K. Dail, K. S. Frost, E. L. Codman, Jane F. Dow, Elizabeth Dow, Cornelia Dow, Charles Nash, E. S. Nash, A. B. Hall & Co., Buff Hall, Nannie Hall, Wm. R. Bogart, A. F. Carpenter, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Mrs. Charles Field, Anna G. Leeds, Augustus T. Perkins, Ezra Phillips, C. H. Phillips, John J. Clarke.

Address Wanted.—Some member sent us five dollars last month, and neglected to give name and address.

## ONE DOLLAR EACH.

D. B. Scott, Annie G. Loud, Maggie C. Cross, F. K. Bennett, Wm. Latham, M. H. M. Thompson, I. E. M. Safford, S. B. Morton, James E. Tower.

## SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

A. Boynton, J. D. K. Willis, M. B. Steele, A. M. Harlow, Mrs. J. R. Goodnow, E. H. Pearson, Blue Banner Boys, Aleck C. Chapin, Anthony Pierce, Geo. F. Piper, Adam Brown, L. E. Moore, Mrs. Wm. T. Giles, John Holmes, Mrs. G. F. Richardson, Wm. D. Swan, Jane Gibbons, Eliza B. Leonard, Elizabeth S. Morton, Mary E. Baxter, John M. Welch, Otto Schraeder, M. A. Molineux, Stephen A. Hall, A. M. Brown, Mrs. Lee, Elizabeth Balfour, Mrs. Wm. H. Brown, Rufus Eager, Mrs. Samuel Goddard, Eva W. Case, P. P. Wood, A. R. Dunlap, \$2.

## Subscribers Wanted.

It would make our paper self-supporting, if all the ladies on our General Committee, not now members or subscribers, should become so; or if each subscriber would obtain another.

Subscription.—\$1 per annum.

Membership.—Active Life, \$100; Associate Life, \$50; Active Annual, \$10; Associate Annual, \$5; Branch, \$1.

All members receive the paper and other documents free.

MEMBERS wishing for documents or papers, at any time, for distribution, will be supplied on request sent to our office.

## Children's Department.

*The Mother's Nine.*

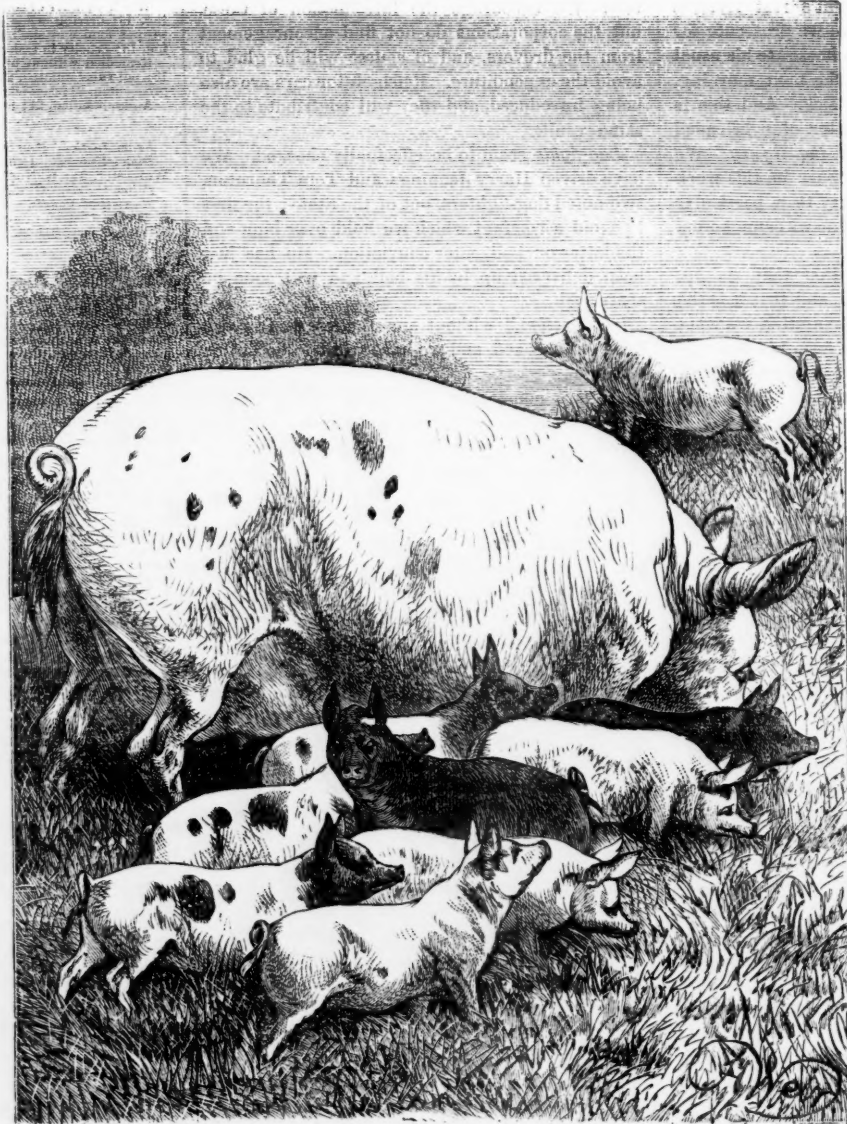
Some English friends of ours have sent us the annexed cut, which represents a family of animals. Doubtless some of our young friends will say the pig is not an interesting creature, but that is not his fault. He does as well as he knows how. But let us say, his want of neatness is partly because he has no opportunity to be otherwise. Most people seem to believe that any place is good enough for a pig. But others, who know better, furnish their swine with a dry pen, clean straw, good, sweet food, clean water, a frequent bath, and other comforts, and are rewarded by seeing the animals appreciate these attentions and become as neat in their habits as other animals.

Some children that we have heard of would not have clean faces and hands, and neat finger-nails and well-brushed hair, if their mothers or aunts did not furnish them with clean water, soap and towels. Is it right to expect more of a pig? Certainly, the mother in the picture shows maternal affection by guarding her children and leading them into a green field to enjoy themselves.

Let our young readers look into their pigpen, if they have one, and see whether there is any chance for the animals to be neat. And if not, let them set about making an improvement. Let them see that there is a sheltered place, dry and warm, for them to lie in, dry straw for a bed, and in many other ways seek their comfort. You are not only doing your duty by this, but are improving the quality of the animal, getting satisfaction at his improvement, and avoiding very unpleasant results. Be just, even to pigs.

CAN'T-DO-IT sticks in the mud; but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech-tree. The snowdrop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing.

## THE MOTHER'S NINE.



The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Harry and the Butterfly.*

A butterfly flew through a garden gay,  
Just kissed the flowers, then off, and away;  
A handsomer fellow never was seen,  
With his jacket of crimson and gold and green.

Three children sat on the doorsteps near,  
And watched his flight, now there, now here;  
When suddenly Harry rushed off from his seat,  
And presently butterfly lay at his feet.

A moment ago he was flying aloft,  
In the summer's air so warm and so soft;  
A moment ago, all radiant and bright,  
He seemed like a creature of air and of light.

Alas! for the hand that had dealt such a blow;  
Alas! for the eye that had guided it so;  
Alas! for so thoughtless, so careless a way,  
That ever could wantonly act such a part.

the intellectual pig from the mere swine multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance, this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and had actually almost gained the gate, when a large gray goose made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch, and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say the air was rent with the squeals of agony of the injured pig, and the ecstatic peans of the whole of the flock of geese in chorus. From the order in which the transaction took place, we derive the impression that a similar game of Prisoner's Base probably formed the entertainment of the geese every evening.—F. P. Cobbe.

Now is the time to hang out thread and bits of cloth for the birds to use for nests. We heard of a lady, ninety-seven years of age, living in Wrentham, who recently thought the birds were not provided with food, and during the icy period went out of doors to scatter crumbs for them.

ADDRESSES wanted of the following children:—  
Winnie S. Chandler, Ada C. Prentiss, Helen L. Vinal.

*Geese Full of Fun.*

A goose has perhaps the keenest appreciation of humor of any animal, unless it be her own arch enemy, the fox. The writer once saw in a little grassy paddock some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs and half a score of geese. From this paddock a narrow, open gate gave entrance into the farm-yard, and, as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thermopylae. Obviously, supper-time was approaching, and the pigs wished to return home to their troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gate which they guarded, without paying toll. First there came up a jolly, good-humored little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then, with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched to get a bite at him, and, squealing and yelling, the poor little porker ran the gantlet. The same fate befel six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betraying increasing trepidation as he approached the fatal pass, and made a bolt through the corps de garde of geese, whose chattering and screeches of delight were almost undistinguishable from human laughter. At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a pink-fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and his tail sharply twisted in the intelligent, wide-awake manner which so completely distinguishes



*The Farmer's Humble Friends.*

Nature's laws everywhere provide for an exact balance of forces. The instinct of animals serves to maintain this balance. That man steps in and disturbs it for a season by interfering with the natural growth of vegetables upon which animals exist, or by destroying some of those animals whose office it is to feed upon others which feed upon vegetables, thus removing the natural checks by which overproduction is prevented, does not in the least refute the proposition, but on the contrary most forcibly proves it. Thus man, reclaiming the wilderness, destroys the plants upon which myriads of insects feed. Then these insects, deprived of their natural food, prey upon his crops. The abundance of insects is instantly balanced by an increase of birds and other creatures which prey upon them. Unfortunately these are destroyed in their turn, and the insect plagues remain to torment us; or insignificant vermin (as to size at least), released from their natural enemies, become pests to us. To come to more particular instances, the natural desire to destroy, which would seem to be an instinct in the human mind, leads us to kill every bird or animal, small or large, which we have not domesticated. Birds of every sort, without regard to their character or proclivities, are the prey of mankind from childhood. Some are killed for food, others for what is called sport, and many from the merest wantonness. The markets are now overstocked with grouse and prairie chickens. These birds are largely insectivorous and devour chinch-bugs and grasshoppers by myriads. The balance of nature being destroyed in this manner, our crops suffer and are eaten by chinch-bugs and grasshoppers. By and by these pests become too numerous, and simply starve because there are no more crops; and were it not for our civilization, the farmers would starve with them, and the balance would be restored again. Again, there is a perpetual crusade against moles. But unfortunately so, because moles are carnivorous and insectivorous, and feed upon cutworms and their parental bugs of many kinds, earthworms, and even small animals, as mice, upon a pinch. As they are killed off, the cutworms increase rapidly, and again the balance is destroyed, and it is by the destruction of our crops that it is restored again. . . . Owls and hawks will scour the fences and barnyards for rabbits, rats and mice, and snakes will do the same. But all these are very unwisely destroyed upon sight, and again our crops suffer both in field and barn and granary. In despair at the results of all this ignorance of nature's laws and of the natural history and habits of our commonest animals, scores of farmers write to us asking, What shall we do to be saved from all these pests? If, instead of killing off our most valuable helpers, we were to study their habits and encourage them within bounds, and also study ways and means to prevent the moderate damage and trespass they commit upon us, we should permit nature to maintain her balance and spare ourselves a multitude of losses and alarms.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

*Horse-clipping.*

Sands, the circus proprietor, was the first to clip horses in this country, in 1844. There was opposition to the practice at first, but experience proved that clipped horses escaped many maladies to which the animal is subject; such, for example, as the colds that are taken from the congealing of perspiration under a thick coat of hair. The clipped horse does not perspire so freely as the animal whose hair is suffered to grow; he is, therefore, less likely to catch cold after a heating drive in a freezing atmosphere. Moreover, the clipped horse's skin is more easily kept clean. Horses used in running races are not often clipped, because they are not used in winter, and because their fine coats are not benefited by the shortening of the hair. The custom of clipping is believed to have originated in Wales, where rough-coated ponies are in use. Thence it spread to England and other countries.—*Exchange.*

*What Would You Think?*

BY "PROXY."

When walking out some summer's day,  
What if a little bird should call,  
And on your shoulders perch and say,  
"Speak well of all, or not at all!"

What would you think?

What if you chased and caught for fun  
An airy, gaudy butterfly;

And on its wings there in the sun

You plainly saw the words, "Don't lie!"

What would you think?

What if you watched an opening rose

Spread all its petals to the air,

And to your wondering gaze disclose

Two little warning words, "Don't swear!"

What would you think?

What if you sought to rob the birds,

And hunted for their nests with zeal,

But found each egg traced o'er with words

As plain as print, "Dear boy, don't steal!"

What would you think?

—*Christian Union.**"Guilty Butcher as I Was."*

I once killed birds in my wantonness—God forgive me—merely to test my skill with the rifle. But I received a bitter lesson. While once passing through the woods I carelessly fired at a bird, caring only to discharge my gun, so as to make my next fire sure. I wounded a bird which sat upon the fence. I felt guilt-stricken at once, and tried to catch it. Failing in that, I thought it would be humanity to shoot it. Before I could reload my rifle it fluttered across the field, where I followed it, and found the panting sufferer at its nest, and the blood dripping upon its young! My cruelty flashed upon me in all its nakedness, and I cringed under my reflection like a guilty butcher as I was.—*Thurlow Brown.*

*A Remarkable Case of Equine Memory.*

Many years ago, Mr. Abram Dodge, of the town of Ipswich, Mass., owned a beautiful horse which was the pet of the family. He was admired by all who knew his playfulness and good qualifications. In the summer it was Mr. Dodge's habit occasionally to have a frolic with his horse in his barnyard, then let him out alone and he would go to the river, which was about one-third of a mile distant, where he would bathe, then go to a common and roll on the grass, then with the freedom of air start for his home; his stable was renovated for him while he was gone, and his breakfast put in his crib. If he met his master he would show some coltish pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to his manger where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable. After the expiration of sixteen years, Mr. Dodge was at the tavern when a man drove a horse up to the door. Mr. Dodge at once recognized his horse, and he told the driver his reason for believing it to be his; the man told his story of whom he bought the horse, and that he had owned him for several years. Mr. Dodge claimed his horse, and it was finally agreed that if the horse would, on being taken to his old stable, go through the habit of bathing, rolling on the grass, and pulling the pin from the stable door as above described, that Mr. Dodge should have him. When the horse was let out into his old yard he reviewed the premises for a moment, then started for his old bath-tub, then for his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, won for himself a good meal and his old master his favorite horse. These facts are vouchsafed for by reliable old residents of the beautiful, picturesque old town, and show conclusively the long memory of our noblest animal.

*STABLE AND FARM**Watering Cattle in Winter.*

Cattle not unfrequently suffer in winter for want of water. They are turned out perhaps twice a day, and left out long enough to help themselves if they would. But unless let out immediately after a full feeding of dry food, they will not always incline to drink at first, and the owner gets impatient and will not wait. They are tied up again and compelled to wait till toward night perhaps before they are let out again. They may then drink too freely of extremely cold water, often to be got only by breaking through the ice. This is a bad way to do, but it is by no means uncommon. It is the fault of the feeding. If they are fed properly, there is little difficulty in inducing them to drink. It is a great convenience to have water brought into the barn or into some warm place in the barn cellar, where it does not freeze over, and where stock can have easy access to it.—*Ploughman.*

Cows are usually taken from the pasture and fed nothing but dry hay, day after day, and week after week, during the whole winter. Cattle need more than one kind of food. In addition to their hay, give them grain and roots. If the supply of roots is small, give them a feed once a week, and they will be the better for it; and if you have enough, so that you can give them a small quantity of carrots or turnips every day (and no dairyman ought to be without a full supply), so much the better.

*Turkish Baths for Stock.*

At a recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, some interesting statements were made concerning the use of hot-air or Turkish baths as a remedy for the diseases of domestic animals. Lord Scriven declared that his own experiments in the use of these baths, covering a period of over four years, proved conclusively that they would cure all ordinary diseases incidental to horses and all farm stock. The remedy is especially efficacious in cases of colic, dysentery, lung complaints, swellings and inflammations, and serves also as a protective against approaching diseases. At a convenient distance from the stationary engine in use, a close room was built, the walls being double, and the escape steam being thrown around the room, which is thus heated up to 150° or 180° without injuring the contained air for purposes of respiration. A single application cures severe cases of garget. In cases of swelling or sprain, a vigorous rubbing adds materially to the good effect of the bath.

*India-rubber Shoes for Horses.*

The "Scientific American" gives some particulars about a newly patented horseshoe, designed to supersede iron shoes, and to remedy cracked or contracted hoofs. It may shortly be described as an India-rubber overshoe for horses. It is made and lined in precisely similar manner to the articles of apparel worn by the human race. The sole is made thick, and is roughened to prevent slipping. It is easily removed from or put on the hoof, and hence, while standing in the stalls or turned out to pasture, the horse may be left barefooted. In winter time the covering serves as a protection against illness due to the common practice of mingling salt with the ice and snow in the city streets, while the roughened surface of the rubber beneath serves to give the animal a foothold in slippery weather. Their cost is one-third more than iron shoes, but their durability is greater. They have been successfully used for some time past.

Who has used them in this section?—*Ed.*

(Continued from page 85.)

in churches in different parts of the State, and at various conventions of clergymen and denominational conferences. And by these various measures many clergymen have been induced to preach on the subject. We have waited, perhaps not patiently, for this, for we like to consider the pulpit as *leading* public sentiment instead of following in its wake.

Mr. Angell's addresses have not been confined to clergymen, but have been delivered to educational conventions, teachers' meetings, to the U. S. Social Science convention, before agricultural conventions, and many others.

To keep the press awake we have an *exchange list* of seven hundred papers, throughout the country. As an evidence of the effect of our work in this direction, we may notice that these papers quote liberally from ours, and recently about one hundred and fifty papers advertised our fair free, giving space of the value of \$10 or more, or gave us repeated favoring editorials, or both.

To protect birds, the farmer's friends, we offered a prize for the best essay on insect-eating birds, and have published and circulated thousands of copies, and have secured its republication in several papers in other States, by loaning the cuts without charge.

This has helped to change public sentiment in the country, so that this class of birds are comparatively unmolested.

To spread our purposes before the public, we issue our monthly journal, "Our Dumb Animals," of which we have already published 950,000 copies.

Our published essays are "Cattle Transportation," "Check-rein," "Insect-eating Birds," "Five Questions Answered," "Humane Killing," "Protection of Animals," and of these we have issued 160,000 copies.

Various placards and circulars of advice and warning to teamsters and others have been published, not less than 10,000 in number.

The essays, placards, circulars and most of our papers are distributed free to legislatures, public libraries, Christian associations, courts, police officers, city and town authorities, clergymen, teachers, authors, Sunday schools, colleges, kindred societies, newspapers, and to managers of railroads, drivers, butchers, and to agricultural fairs in every county in the State, etc.

Our late fair has been another educational movement, for it awakened public attention, and, through the twenty-three hundred ladies on the committee, and the advertisements and editorials by the press, an amount of information has been circulated which will tell largely upon public sentiment.

And our Children's Table at the Fair, to which probably fifteen hundred children contributed, and to most of whom an ornamental certificate was given, will help to keep up an interest in the young people who will one day come forward to take our places.

To carry on our work throughout the State, we have nearly five hundred agents, representing nearly every town. We have a record of over three thousand cases investigated by these agents; but, doubtless, there would be three times that number if we could get a full report from all our

agents, which we are unable to do, and the number of cases of cruelty prevented by the knowledge that an agent is at hand, would reach so many thousands more.

But we must not attempt to enumerate all the kinds of work we do, or the evils we attempt to lessen. But we may name, without describing other subjects which occupy our time, for instance, pigeon-shoots; transportation of poultry; visits to cattle and horse markets and auctions; translations from French and German documents, containing reports of kindred societies, etc.; conferences with inventors, and examination of cattle cars, of wood pavements, and of improvements in horse-cars, harnesses and shoes; interviews with drovers; with members of legislature, to secure amendments to laws; with the local and state police; with superintendents of steam and horse railroads; with town authorities in regard to character of our local agents; with agents in regard to general and special work; with water board in regard to location of fountains; with inventors of improved fountains, and donors who propose to erect them; with defendants and their counsel; etc., etc.

It is enough to say, in conclusion, that it would require a much larger force than we now have to fully occupy the field. But we are thankful that we have received so much encouragement from the people, and trust our fidelity in the future will show our appreciation of it.

#### Financial Report.

In the absence of the Treasurer, we make an *approximate statement, in round numbers*, of the receipts and expenditures of the Society for the year ending March 15, 1875.

#### RECEIPTS.

From members, donors and subscribers,	\$4,640 00
postage and books and papers sold,	135 00
finer and witness fees,	2,375 00
Treasurer,	6,500 00
	\$13,650 00

#### EXPENDITURES.

For printing and advertising,	\$2,800 00
wrappers, postage, telegrams and expressage,	900 00
repairs, new signs and office expenses,	475 00
horse and wagon,	475 00
rent,	900 00
books, papers, binding and stationery,	200 00
extra service, police, agents and veterinaries,	250 00
chloroform and killing animals,	35 00
fine remitted and counsel fees,	40 00
sundries,	125 00
salaries of Secretary, Agents, Canvasers and Clerk,	8,800 00
	\$15,000 00

THERE is no more touching appeal made to human sensibilities than the silent sufferings of the noble animals that bear our burdens and administer so much to our comfort. What a worthy and benign work the societies for the defence of dumb animals are doing! If God should open their mouths, what a babel of thanks from beast and bird would be heard to their kindly advocates. Remember our silent and obedient servants, and sustain the efforts of their friends to defend them from cruel abuse.—*Exchange.*

#### Migrating Birds.

At this season, when the birds are returning from their "southern residence," the following article, commenting on their autumn flight, seems suggestive:—

It is often asked, where do all the birds go to when they leave Cape Cod? They scatter over all the shallow waters and sounds from Delaware and Chesapeake bays, through the Carolinas, Georgia and perhaps still further South. Those of them who go back in the autumn to their breeding places do not go by the same way they came, nor are they seen again in any great numbers over land or sea until the new broods come back on their annual flight in the autumn.

How strange a thing is instinct! Is it reason, or a substitute for reason? The new development theory regards it as reason in an undeveloped state. It differs widely from reason in this, however, that it attains its full development, at once and is never improved upon. The bird never builds a better nest than the first one. Instinct is also a more reliable guide to the birds than reason is to man. It rarely leads them astray, while reason is ever leading man into mistakes and difficulties, from the cradle to the grave.

We might almost conclude, therefore, that instead of reason being a more fully developed instinct, that instinct as far as it goes is a more perfectly developed reason. This would be reversing the development theory, if any argument could be built upon it, as is probably not the case. If we came up, however, from the lower animals, it would seem that if our reason has gained in extent, comprehension, capacity for deep and continuous reflection and universality, it has lost in directness, certainty and infallibility. The bird knows by intuition; man learns by slow experience.

However much we may theorize concerning instinct and reason, what we know is that both answer the purpose for which they were intended, and constitute the only guides vouchsafed to animals and men in the conduct of life.

The instinct of animals, as exhibited in the migration of wild fowl, attracts our attention, the more because it is conducted on so large a scale and in so grand a theatre, with the sea below and the sky above.

Flying between the blue sea below and the blue canopy above, these swift-winged pilgrims from the frozen North sweep by in long array, now wedge-shaped and now in single file, and, on great "field days," like an army with banners.

We thus attach to this wonderful display of instinct something of the sublimity that belongs to the ocean and the boundless firmament, and realize the force and beauty of those lines of one of our own poets,—

"He who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless air thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will guide my steps aright."

—Cor. Boston Journal.

#### Kill Your Fish.

If any animal but a fish were allowed to die a lingering death by suffocation, or should be drowned, people would be quite unwilling to eat the meat of such animal, and would consider it an imposition if a provision dealer should send such things for their tables. And yet it is usual when fish are caught to leave them without air (*breathed in their way*), and they die an unnatural death, after a struggle perhaps for hours. No one seems to think *their* flesh is injured by this suffering. Nevertheless it is. So that if one has no thought for the unnecessary suffering of the fish, he ought to kill it instantly, out of regard to his own stomach. He would find a great improvement in the quality. Strike the fish a sharp blow, just back of the eyes, or with a knife divide the backbone. We have called attention to this before, but are reminded by a friend that it is not generally understood.



ing  
ring  
ems

the  
hey  
nds  
the  
uth.  
a to  
way  
reat  
oods  
n.  
a, or  
nent  
oped  
ever,  
nd is  
ds a  
so a  
is to  
on is  
ties,

that  
oped  
more  
re-  
ment  
case.  
nals,  
ed in  
con-  
st in  
bird  
ence.  
g in-  
both  
ded,  
d to

the  
tion,  
ge a  
elow

blue  
from  
now  
l, on  
s.  
of in-  
gs to  
realize  
f our

at,

ual.

a lin-  
vned,  
eat of  
sition  
rs for  
h are  
their  
ter a  
ns to  
ering.  
ought  
ought  
own  
ent in  
just  
back-  
efore,  
rener-